

GREEN DIVISIONS PROVED METTLE IN 2ND ARMY DRIVE

81st, 7th and 92nd Going
Strong When Armistice
Intervened

PUSH IN DIRECTION OF RHEIN

Operation in Conjunction With French
Troops, Would Have Over-
whelmed Enemy

In dealing with the offensive operations inaugurated by the Second American Army, under Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, more is to be said regarding what they were planned and expected to accomplish than regarding what they actually did accomplish, for the reason that they were begun so late, practically not before November 10, that there was no time for the development of the great and decisive success which would undoubtedly have crowned them had hostilities continued a short time longer.

Once more to focus a limited operation in its proper relation to the whole situation on the Western front, it may be well again to revert to the simile of the swinging door, which was used in an earlier article. Since September 26 the Allied Armies had been hammering this door back with increasing momentum, particularly after the fall of Lille, until, in the early days of November, the swinging edge, torn loose from the coast of the North Sea, had reached the Dutch frontier north of Ghent, nearly 70 kilometers from its former position at Neuport. All along the British and French fronts the Allies had penetrated far beyond the enemy's first and second defense systems and were in process of breaking down the third, while what remained of the German armies was proving utterly impotent to stem their further and increasingly rapid advance.

At the Gates of Sedan

The Fourth French Army and the left of the First American Army were at the gates of Sedan, and the rest of the First American Army was pouring across the Meuse between there and Verdun with very little delay to its further progress to the northeast. On every portion of the front from Holland to Metz the Allied Armies were advancing, except on the sector fronting Metz itself; that is, the sector lying between Ornes and the Moselle. As this sector was at the very hinge of the door, it was now necessary, in the progressive development of the offensive, to advance there also.

It will now be necessary to abandon the simile of the swinging door, because the operations involving Metz were designed not merely to embrace a narrowward by the Second American Army, but to bring the First American Army near the Meuse. As soon as the offensive was under way it was planned by Marshal Foch to launch the Tenth French Army, under General Mangin, in the direction of the Chateau-Salins, southeast of Metz.

Continued on Page 8

STATE TROOPS MADE PART OF NEW ARMY

New York, Ohio, New Jersey
and Oregon Units
Authorized

Reconstruction of the National Guard forces of various States which lost their former identity when they were drafted into the Federal service, and the authorization of the organization of four regiments of Infantry, one squadron of Cavalry, and 12 companies of Coast Artillery, by the War Department, which authorized the organization of four regiments of Infantry, one squadron of Cavalry, and 12 companies of Coast Artillery in Ohio and two companies of Coast Artillery in Oregon.

Under the National Defense Act, the former National Guard troops cannot legally be maintained by the various States. The new units authorized are intended to replace the state troops. Authorization for units in other States is expected soon.

Rainbow to Be Cavalry

Of the 21 divisions which will form the new Army, divided into five Army Corps, 14 will bear the numbers of A.E.F. combat divisions and will have their headquarters in the States from which they are drawn. The 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 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FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1919.

HEROES

What—or who—constitutes a hero in these days of home-going, recapitulation and early reminiscence?

It recently became the happy lot of one American city to welcome back the regiment which, with laughter and tears, with kit bags and cheers, it had sent forth a year and a half before to represent it in the legion which was to—and did—preserve democracy. The home coming was a gala event. The mayor headed the Reception Committee, which included the Governor of the State and dozens of lesser citizens. The Orator of the Day dwelt long and waxed enthusiastic on his speech of welcome. The lesser speakers did, too, and the newspapers had headlines and pictures and columns and columns about the returning heroes.

A close and heartless observer of the proceedings would probably have noticed that references to the returning regiment's activities in France weren't particularly specific. The Orator of the Day spoke of the glories of Château-Thierry and the Argonne, of a sacred cause threatened, but preserved, but he never quite got to the point of connecting the regiment up with these affairs. Even the newspapers were neglectful of details. But there weren't any close and heartless observers in evidence, and everything went off without a hitch.

As sometimes happened in this cruellest of all wars, this particular home-town regiment didn't win the war. It started out strong. It went through squads right and vice versa for many weary days; it chased an imaginary enemy over a big fraction of a whole State. After a long time it started for France, and got there. After another long time it was about to start for the front when the war ended. To be frank, it never got any nearer battle than a billowing area. Well, are the members of this regiment heroes?

And how about the Engineer regiment which went back the other day from Bordeaux, departing from the same humble barracks which it had occupied 20 months before upon its arrival in France with the disconsoling thought that it never had been more than 100 miles away from these barracks during the whole 20 months? And how about the bunch which got in on the tail end of the grand finale of the war for just 20 minutes of action before the enemy finally breathed his last? Are these fellows heroes?

It takes a firm heart to face the future with a military record which consists of having almost got to war. At any rate, if we're going to establish an arbitrary dead line and say, "Here begins heroism," let's make it so that every man who has spent a reasonable number of hours in a breakfast mess line waiting for that wonderful mutational creation of the mess sergeant, slum la messkit, is a hero, and let it go at that.

"I WAS THERE"

On the heights beyond Stenay the Fifth Corps, A.E.F., has erected a martial monument, adorned with tin hat, bayonet and shell, set into concrete and brick, to commemorate its "farthest north" on November 11, 1918. It is not so large, as monuments go, but it has a certain dignity, a certain sound American plainness about it that makes it a worthy memorial to America's part in winding up the war.

The dignity of that monument is certainly not enhanced by the penciling across its titular tablet of these names:

BRUCE MCKENZIE, S.S.U. 617, KANSAS.

J. B. McDONOUGH, S.S.U. 617, WISCONSIN.

Probably the fact that they were detracting from the dignity of the monument never occurred to Messrs. McKenzie and McDonough when the "I-was-there" spirit got the better of them. It ought to occur to them now that such cheap self-advertising is not worthy of American soldiers. They weren't the only ones there by a long shot—nor will they be; yet, from the appearance of that tablet, it looks very much as if they were out to hog the glory.

By now Messrs. McKenzie and McDonough are undoubtedly far, far from Stenay, and, therefore, to compel them to rub out their childish pencil marks with their naughty little noses is somewhat out of the question. But the C.O. of S.S.U. 617 certainly must know of a lot of cars that need washing and a lot of G.I. pots and pans that need scouring. And in case the C.O. doesn't read this, the top—if they have tops in the S.S.U.—will do just as well, or maybe better.

FIFTY-FIFTY

"Every one is crazy but me and thee, and sometimes I think thee is a little queer." This is an old wheeze and never fails to settle the argument when somebody tries to force his private views on a large and wise majority.

But if you don't turn to the right when you drive up Fifth Avenue you land either in the hospital or the police station, while if you do turn to the right on the Strand you will land in the infirmary or the jail. Only, they'll spell it g-a-o-l.

over the fact that (internationally speaking) p-a-i-n doesn't always mean what it spells. Nobody expects either side to yield its private opinions on the significance of words, habits or previous conditions of servitude, but it is a sorry being, soldier or civilian, who can't realize that all the brains are not under one kind of headgear or that all the rules for living and being are not promulgated from one side of the Atlantic.

OUR JOB

Even those who are no disciples of the established order must hope, in their more lucid moments, that America's coming progress toward greater social justice will be made without violence. To be sure, the more resolute reckon pain and blood as a light cost for progress. "Blood and pain," they say scornfully. "Never a child was born without them." But, after all, pain and blood means hungry children, desolate wives, sorrowing mothers. And such pain and blood as is unhappy Russia's portion today need never be America's.

For lucky America has a better start toward that social justice, of which the day is coming as surely as God made little green apples. That justice, for which we all hunger, will be reached more swiftly and more painlessly if the A.E.F. takes back into civilian life something of what it has learned in France.

Here was a democratic army. The family that came over in the Mayflower and the more recent immigrants met at last in the same company. The university products and the unlettered few rubbed elbows. The millionaire and the laborer shared the same puppet, and, what is more important, reviled the same slum.

All classes were scrambled together, and it will be the salvation of America if they never again become completely unscrambled. Pitching in together, they helped win the war. Pitching in together, they can help win the peace.

Here's hoping.

WHO WON THE WAR?

If all goes well, the peace treaty will soon be ready for signature. It is quite to be expected and altogether to be desired that no country will find that treaty exactly to its liking. Should any one country emerge completely satisfied it would mean that there had not been at the conference the full degree of mutual concession which marks the community spirit when functioning wholesomely.

The more acutely dissatisfied elements will be very, very audible. They will give utterance at the top of their lungs as follows:

"The war has been fought in vain."

You will hear that said so earnestly, and on so many sides, that it will be worth while keeping in mind what arrant nonsense it is. America's chief reason for going to war—also France's chief reason and England's—was self-defense. It was to avoid capture and enslavement by Germany on a tout. It was the same purpose which animates every posse of citizens who are out to catch a maniacal burglar.

That purpose has been achieved. The burglar-nation is in the lock-up. Our chief reason for going to war, then, has already been rewarded.

If the posse, before it breaks up, can readjust the affairs of the neighborhood so as to discourage future burglarious enterprises on the part of any nation, so much the better. But don't let any one kid you into thinking for one moment that we fought the war in vain. It was Germany who did that.

PROFITEERING

The profiteer is in a class by himself. He is not capital, he is not labor, although he may be each or both. But he is a profiteer before he is anything else. He is the person who sells the Army things that he has to have at such a neat profit that he has hundreds of thousands of dollars over with which to buy Liberty Bonds—not such a bad investment; he is the restaurant keeper near a camp in the States who charges 5 cents extra for ketchup; he is the worker on a Government job who soldiers (somebody has got to change that word) simply because he is on a Government job. He is a traitor in the guise of respectability, and far, far too often he gets away with it.

Folks back home may be used to him. They have seen him develop so naturally before their very eyes that they do not know him for what he is.

You can't see a tree grow, but you can see the difference if you don't look at it for two whole years. That advantage the A.E.F. has. When it gets back it will know the profiteer in a minute. And some of the reports of "trouble" at home are only profiteering camouflage put out to cover up profiteering. It won't work.

WHAT IS LACKING?

Letter writing, remarked a noted man of letters quite a number of years ago, is a lost art. Fascinated—for there is no other word, seemingly, that fits this particular hysteria—by the modern form of penning business epistles, and harassed by the constant demands on one's time by the myriads of activities that flash up in the course of a day, letters have degenerated into a slapdash note, on the one hand, and a 20-page rhapsody about nothing, on the other.

Neither reveals, as it should reveal, a cross-section of the writer's soul or thoughts; neither does it fling into soft, intimate perspective some personal little facet that gives the recipient a fresh grip on himself, a concrete, happy, optimistic dash of what the home folks are doing.

The war, while it lasted, threw the modern type of letter into the background. Letters to France became intimate, loving, personal—and long and frequent. Evidence is unmistakable that they are dropping back into the old rut again—with what effect on the Yank can be imagined.

"Aren't you writing to your soldier friends in France any more?" a matron queried of a girl who had maintained a voluminous correspondence right up to the day of the armistice.

"Why, no," returned the young lady surprised. "The war is over, isn't it?"

All of which has its own sweeping moral.

The Army's Poets

THE SONG OF ST. NAZAIRE

Hurry on, you doughboys, with your rifle and your pack;
Bring along your cooties with your junk upon your back;
We'll house you and delouse you and we'll douse you in a bath,
And when the boat is ready you can take the Western Path.

For it's home, kid, home—when you slip away from here—
No more alarm or reveille, pounding in your ear;
Back on clean, wide streets again—
Back between the sheets again—
Where a guy can lay in bed and sleep for half a year.

Hurry on, you lousy buck, for your last advance:
You are on your final hike through the mud of France;
Somewhere in the Good Old Town, you can shift the load,
Where you'll never see again an M.P. down the road.

For it's home, boy, home, with the old ship headed west;
No more cooties wandering across your manly chest;
No more M.P.'s grabbing you—
No more major grubbing you—
Nothing for a guy to do except to eat and rest.

Move along, you Army, while the tides are on the swell.
Where a guy can get away and not the S.O.L.
Where the gold fish passes and the last corned willy's through;
And no top sergeant's waiting with another job to do.

For it's home kid, home—when the breakers rise and fall—
Where the khaki's hanging from a nail against the wall—
Clean again and cheerful there—
Handing out an ear full there—
Where you never have to jump at the bugle's call.

GRANTLAND RICE.

WAIT AND SEE!

You thought that I thought it romantic
Just Romo-stuff when I kissed you.
An off-to-the-war movie antic—
You smiled when I wrote how I missed you.

You thought that squads east, the Atlantic
And distance and war quite convinces
A fellow he ought to grow frantic
And rave of his "Far-Away Princess!"

Well, perhaps my farewell was romantic,
And there's nothing to prove that I miss you.
But you'll know it's no movie-star's antic
The day that we land, and I kiss you!
H. R. B. Artillery.

TRIALS OF AN M.P.

"Who won the war?" This battle-cry
They shout at me as they pass by
From box-car doors, and at a glance,
I have them placed—three weeks in France—
Unwashed, unclean, replacements all,
Corn-willy fed, and so they hawl
Their rage at me as they rush past,
A dandy bunch to dare to ask
Who won the war?

"Who won the war?" The brave M.P.'s
A drunken soldier flings the wheeze
And so he's punished. I'm rather sore
"What outfit Jack?" "The G.M. Corps"
I have to laugh, but on I lead,
He sobers up and stalls and pleads,
But no avail, so on we go
I'm to the cap which let him know
Who won the war.

"Who won the war?" He's in a crowd,
And shouts it out so very loud
That you would think that he must be
The winner of a D.S.C.
But guess again; he's too afraid
To show his face, and let him stay
Back out of sight; the cowardly stiff
Dares not come out and ask me if
We won the war.

"Who won the war?" He asks it low,
I turned around to let him know,
And then he laughs, "How are you, pal,
How are you, pal?"
A doughboy buck just back on leave,
With wounds and years shown on his sleeves,
I set him right, I'll tell you why
I can't get peace; here is the guy
Who won the war.

B. W. L.

RIGHT OF WAY

I can parley voux with Francois, sprechen deutsch with Heine Stein,
I like to interlard my talk with bits of foreign chatter.

I can order beer or beefsteak from the base ports to the Rhine,
Some times they don't quite get me, but that's my fault, not theirs.

The pullu may say, "No compree," Fritz may night verstay,
But I keeps spoutin' foreign, for it sounds so dandy.

I picked up some bally cockney, 'fore I'd ever won a stripe,
(I told the Johns I got it when I visited a duchess).

I know sev'ral words of Russian, I think Dago talk's a pipe,
I know a comic Greek yank that's as funny as a crutch is.

(The company barber taught it me, one time he cut my hair—
He cut my hair—
I don't know what the words all mean, but he says it's a bear.)

Ich weiss 'em 'em up some, but then, ca ne fait rien—
Variety in what I say has always been my motto.

I never sink down low enough to talk American,
(Except when I make a roll-call—and then, of course, I've got to.)

But somehow something tells me, though admittin' it I hates,
Some day I'll say "God bless you, folks," in plain United States.

Tir Bliss.

THAT HAPPY DAY

New Yorkers may talk of the hanging to walk down Broadway of chorus girls, lobsters and steaks;
New Englanders sigh for the old apple pie
And the doughnuts that mother and no one else makes;

Many folks on these shores in the middle of snoring
Sight anew in their sleep Madame Liberty flame;
Most all of us dream Of the peaches and cream
In the smile of one girl—that is part of the game.

But what does it matter? In all of this clutter
It's quite clear what's wanted by A.E.F. men.
What we all mean to say is "Hasten the day
When we have to put stamps on our letters again!"

MERRY NYMPH OF MAYTIME

Merry nymph of Maytime
Whistling in the trees,
Sighing o'er the lillipops,
Warbling in the breeze;
Oft and oft I've sought you,
Daring little flirt;
Supposing I had caught you!
Really, that would hurt,
'Cause you're a nymph, a fairy,
A goddess of the spring,
Supposing that I caught you—
What sadness that would bring!
WILFRED C. DOLBE,
Sgt., 151st Co., T.C.

OUR DEAD

To you, our honored dead, who gave
Four all that Freedom's banner,
Free from shame, might proudly wave
Before the world forever.

To you who lie in peaceful rest
Beneath the silent crosses,
We pledge our all, our lives, our best,
To "Carry On" forever.

The charge you left we gladly take,
Nor ask for aught, but that
Worthily, for your dear sake,
We "Carry On" forever.

WALKER, 6th Marines.

THE OFFICE BOY RETURNS



A MISUNDERSTANDING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In the New Republic of February 22 there was an article entitled "Misjudging France," in which they said of the French that the "deepest desire of their hearts is to have their house to themselves."

I agree with the article on the whole—certainly the American doughboy has grossly misjudged the French nation—and certainly in many, many cases the people are heartily sick of him and would gladly see him in hell, heaven or Hoboken tout de suite. On the other hand, there is another side to it, of which they have not spoken.

My battalion has been billeted for four months in a small town not far from Dijon. Last November we marched down from the Argonne, a distance of about 150 miles. The town has perhaps 300 people altogether. A tourist might tell you that it is picturesque, but things have a rather different aspect when viewed from the tonneau of a limousine or from the dirt floor of an old barn, and whatever else it might have been it was certainly damned uncomfortable. Our battalion, about 1,000 strong, found themselves confronted with roofs that leaked and floors that seeped—with cooties and with mud, with endless inspections and drills, fatigues and marches, with rain for 53 (by actual count) consecutive days, to say nothing of a shortage of fuel, a lack of lights and few amusements. I think any fair-minded person would agree that obviously the thing to do was to drown your troubles in "vin blanc," and although I must say the men behaved remarkably well, still, there was all the drinking that the Army pay allows, and the things incident to it.

We stole honey and rabbits, smashed windows, tore up doors for firewood, shot wild boars with service rifles, with wonderful disregard to the safety of the French civique, and once in a while would start a killing party, which fortunately never killed anyone, although some polls told me they thought it safer at the front. Aside from these things there were the necessary evils incident to occupation, i. e., increased prices, ruined roads, and the general wear and tear.

Yet in spite of all these things, in spite of the fact that we had run over their town rough shod, there was not a woman in the town who did not cry when we marched away. The cynic will say that they were thinking of the 60,000 francs we spent there each month, but I think it was more than that. Big, sunny, unburned, exuberant Yanks—as carefree and cheerful as schoolboys—how could anyone tell alone the kindly French people—help like them?

You cannot tell me that the one desire of those peasants of Yonne was to see us go—no, not by a good deal. With all our faults they loved us still, and with all our talk there are lots of us who have learned to love the French. So, remember that there are lots of us who have formed here in France the strongest ties and affections and who, if occasion should rise, would gladly come again to fight for France and for the things for which she stands.

CAPTAIN, M.G. BN.

QUESTION NO. 4,176,502

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I wish to take advantage of the knowledge of the staff of your paper by having them settle the question that is causing so many arguments in the A.E.F. and elsewhere. Which division did the best fighting on the front?

Kindly publish in your paper at your earliest opportunity the standing of the different combat divisions. In doing this you will please the men of the A.E.F. and the folks back home.

Cpt. M. J. DONOHUE,
Can't stand any more casualties at present.
—Ed.]

REST AT BREST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Here is a chaplain who has seen the funny side of an iron bed with iron slats. At a 90th Division mess the other day some one asked Chaplain Jackson where he landed on arriving in France. He replied "Brest." The first question was followed by a second, "How long did you lay there?"

"Oh, I didn't lay long," replied the chaplain. "I kept turning over." SOLDIER.

OH, YOU BEHAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

En route for home and mother, I have been kept at Brest for three weeks. When do you think I will be weaned?

SUCKLING SOLDIER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 3, 1918

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104TH INFANTRY—Regimental Colors Also Decorated After Impressive Ceremony.

"MOTHER'S LETTER PLAN GIVES EVERY MAN IN A.E.F. SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVING MOTHER'S DAY—Every Bit of Army and Government Postal Machinery Will Help to Speed Your May 12th Message Home if You Follow the Rule.

GENERAL MCANDREW NEW CHIEF OF STAFF—General Harbord Given Field Command in Accordance With A.E.F. Policy.

"SOLDIER'S MAIL" NOW OUT OF DATE—Upper Right Hand Corner of Envelope to Be Left Blank.

SAME OLD STORY—NO PLACE TO GO—Willard-Fulton Bout Still Homeless. May Be Held in Oklahoma.

US EDITORS

Most of the mail which reaches the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES these days is composed of divisional histories explaining what Company E did in the great battle of St. Mihiel, and poems. Of the mass of poems it is possible to print only a small portion. The editor goes over them every day and selects the best—or what he thinks is best, which often does not accord with the opinions of the authors themselves. Contributors often write in after a month or so of waiting and ask to have their contributions returned. This is impossible. We do not save the contributions unless they are good enough for future publication. Anyone sending in material should state, providing he thinks his contribution good enough for some other publication, that it should be returned to him if it is not acceptable for publication in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, however, is glad to go over all of the contributions and select the best. Sometimes the lowest brick private in the ranks composes the best poem, and it is from the lowly buck we receive the best doughboy letters. The practice of writing and contributing to THE STARS AND STRIPES is encouraged and not discouraged. But he who writes and does not get into print should not feel that his contribution has been carelessly thrown into the waste basket without consideration.

From a hundred like it the following "poem" is an example of what has to be sorted over daily:

One day our captain shouted
"I want a very brave volunteer
To go into the Kaiser's palace
And drink up all his beer."
After waiting a few minutes
One of them at last was found.
His name was not E. L. Fox
A regular old-time booze hound.

After drinking up a barrel
He said he was feeling fine.
Then he grabbed the poor old Kaiser
And he made him double time.
History will never tell you
How the poor lad softly fell.
He was shot not with a rifle
For the fool got drunk as hell.

SCR. F. L. PAIN.

All of which explains why us editors have to take so many vacations.—[Editor.]

THE LAST SHOTSKI

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

We see by THE STARS AND STRIPES, which once in a while comes this way, that they are still trying to learn who fired the last shot in the great war. Just tell the boys in France and Germany to rest easy, for it won't be one of them. We throw them over every day here, all the way from a 45 to a 6-inch Howitzer. And the funny thing about it is that they come back in the same manner. Put the boys down to all the boys on the Rhine and tell them to start thinking up some good stories, for there are fewer of us here; therefore, the bigger the stories—you know, Ed.—not so many from the home town.

A DOUGHBOY IN RUSSIA.

539th Inf.

LUCKY STIFFS!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The next time that the standing of the clubs in the S.O.S. League is published in your palladium of the private's privileges, you might place the Transport Quartermasters down in the tail-end position, with a season's percentage of .000—mark the line "stet" and keep it there. I think that all T.Q.M.'s will agree with me.

Nobody quite understands it. We belong to the Army, and yet we're at sea most of the time. We are sailors, and yet do not wear navy uniforms. We do not belong to the Marines. What the hell do we belong to, anyway?

In the States, they say that we do not do overseas work, so they have allotted us silver chevrons. If we wear Home Guard insignia over here, it is glorified at by the first M.P. and tedious explanations ensue. Although the passengers we carry receive their 10 per cent the minute they come on board, I have never gotten mine, and never will get it. In the form of a compromise, we were promised silver adornments. Now we haven't even got the promise.

The Sam Browne belt is another irritant. If we forget to wear it here—phooie! If we forget not to wear it in the States—plus de phooie. If we leave it hanging around the ship, some deck ensign steals it to use as a razor stop. However, it looks real good in photos. Lots of the boys back home borrow 'em for the purpose.

When they start these veterans' associations, I wonder where we step in? We don't belong to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, A.E.F., S.O.S., A.T.S., or, as far as I can learn, anything else. However, we will be excluded and form of our own, the insignia being a bunk crossed with an empty pocket-book.

However, the life is educating, and we pick up many things in our travels. For instance, in New York you do not belong to the Q.M.C., but to the Q.J.I. Corps. In Bordeaux, they won't pay you unless you add your 10 per cent overseas bonus. I would like very much to comply with this rule, but Leavenworth does not appeal to me. In New York, too, you're not supposed to wear bars on raincoats. If you don't wear 'em over here, some France Terror is liable to mistake you for a "V" secretary and ask the loan of a bottle of cognac. In Newport News they're brown on overseas caps. In Paris, the only sightseeing you can do is at the A.P.M. office. In Eguillac they won't let you drink after hours: Brooklyn, Hoboken and Le Rochelle are all about the same, and as for Norfolk and Jacksonville—!

The Home Guard tells us we're lucky because we go to France; the A.E.F. says we're lucky because we go to the States; the Navy says we're lucky because we're in the Army; and the Army says we're lucky because we're in the Navy.

But, as I said before, what do we belong to? Who are we? And what are we? If there is some member of the J.A.G.D. in the house, he might give up an evening in the Cafe de la Paix and straighten this out. And, strangely enough, this also comes from a

GOLD LOOXY.

ANY SECONDS?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I read with much interest a challenge from James E. Paul, manager of Sgt. Allen Raynor, to out-eat any man in the A.E.F. and will say that I have under my charge a man who would accept the challenge under the following conditions only:

1. Every man in the A.E.F. contribute one month's pay for the purpose of buying grub. 2. A disinterested party to take the money and buy bacon, beans, rice and beef from the Quartermaster.

3. The Quartermaster to furnish 400 field ranges and 800 cokes be put on special duty to prepare the grub. 4. That four trainloads of ice cream and five carloads of cake be added as a dessert.

Should the above conditions be guaranteed Cpl. James F. Ingerham will make his appearance and dispose of that amount of grub in short order.

It may be of interest to know that Corporal Ingerham has had only three courts-martial for disposing of grub out of hours—one for eating a quarter of beef while carrying it from truck to kitchen, a distance of 50 feet; another for eating a bako-pan full of beans and two cases of tomatoes to wash it down, and the last for eating nine cases of corned willy without taking a single glass of water—or anything else—with it.

I will post 10,000 soap wrappers as a guarantee of good faith.

JOSEPH M. MADONA,
Mgr., 47th Aero Sqdn.

NO GARRETS FOR SOLDIER STUDENTS OF ARTS IN PARIS

O. D. Painters, Sculptors and
Architects Work in
Best Studios

MEN OF GENIUS INSTRUCT

Military Discipline There, but It
Cannot Interfere With
Artistic Atmosphere

In the famous Pavillon de Bellevue, just outside the gates of Paris, where, in the happy pre-war days, maidens in diaphanous gowns danced barefooted under the tutelage of Isadora Duncan, young men in the garb of fighters are devoting themselves seriously to study. There are 230 of them, all told. They constitute the Beaux Arts colony of the American Army.

In the suite of rooms that were Isadora Duncan's now are soldier bunks, tier on tier, and where maidens romped in the large dancing hall, men now apply themselves to architectural drawing.

Instructing these men are noted artists, sculptors and architects of the United States. To them come men whose names are known the world over wherever beautiful paintings and wonderful structures and renowned statues are discussed. They include some of the greatest artists of France, and they are giving much of their time to advising and assisting the soldier-students at the Pavillon de Bellevue. They take the Americans into their own studios and show them the results of their own years of study.

The little colony of artists is quite isolated. There is, of course, a military commandant, Maj. G. H. Gray, and he has a staff of officers and service company under him. But military discipline at Bellevue does not interfere with the artistic atmosphere.

Honor System in Effect

In fact, an honor system is in effect at the school and discipline is being maintained by a student council. There is an hour of physical drill each morning and military courtesies and rules must be adhered to. But artists are artists, they are temporarily in the uniform of the fighting man or not, and Major Gray is enough of an artist himself to appreciate that. The Pavillon de Bellevue, where the Army art colony works and eats and sleeps, is an ornate overlooking the picturesque St. Cloud and Meudon forest. It will come to be a pleasant memory to many French men and women who, in the long ago days before the world fell out, were wont to go from the races at Longchamps to the popular cafe that once was the and being heralded for its cuisine and its wines.

Then came the war, and the pavilion was converted into a hospital. Now it has come into its own. Bellevue really is a school of fine and applied arts. Only advanced students attend. Those who desire to begin the study of arts go to Beaux Arts. The courses in painting, sculpture and architecture. Under the latter are courses in interior decoration, etching and engraving.

Lloyd Warren, one of the most noted architects in New York, is dean of the school. Assisting him in architecture is Archibald Brown, John Galen Howard, prominent San Francisco architect, gives lectures, and Leslie Caldwell, whose interior decorating is internationally known, instructs in his chosen profession.

Sculpture and painting classes are conducted by Capt. Ernest Peixotto, of San Francisco, Solon Borglum and Laredo Taft, all widely known.

Each morning, following physical drill, classes in French, which all must attend, are conducted. The afternoons are devoted to studio work. It is arranged that each day a group of students shall go to the studios of famous French artists, who are to study buildings of noteworthy architectural design.

As compared with the attic-living studios, the men at the Pavillon de Bellevue are living on top of the world. Provided with everything they need, furnished with sleeping quarters and food, and taken into the confidence of famous artists, they are able to study under the best possible circumstances.

Trips to Other Art Centers

The men who are studying architecture are encouraged to take trips to cities outside Paris where noted buildings are, there to observe famous architecture of the world at first hand.

Bellevue can accommodate 300 students. The course is for three months. There are no military grades in the classes. Approximately 60 per cent of the students are taking architecture, 30 per cent painting, and ten per cent sculpture.

The art colony at Bellevue is only one group of the 2,000 men of the A.E.F. who are studying in Paris. Many who are attending the University of Paris are living in the Latin Quarter—not the Latin Quarter of the old days, but the new one, in its precincts about the Boulevard St. Germain and St. Michel enough of the old traditions to make it seem real.

The American soldiers are readily adapted to the surroundings in French university cities. Many of them are living with French families. At Rennes, for instance, before the students had arrived, complete arrangements had been made by the Army Educational Commission for their coming. The college authorities had had proposals for housing the soldiers, and they had handed to the billeting officer. Rooms with French families were grouped according to prices and degree of luxury. Some were very simple and others at a minimum price; others extended the luxury of a bath and study.

The incoming students were asked what they desired to pay, and then sent to two groups of the class they wished and from these they made a selection. At the same time, they were given a list of pensions and restaurants at varying prices.

Within half an hour after his arrival, the soldier-student was billeted, knew the location and average price of the good restaurants, could decide where he wanted to board, if he preferred a pension, was free to begin his courses. This was the program in other towns and cities.

Yanks in Latin Quarter

In Paris, the matter was not so simple. Approximately 2,000 men had to be provided with quarters in a city already overcrowded. Many have found homes in the houses or apartments of French people. Others are scattered in various hotels in the Latin Quarter and elsewhere. Many have formed groups and taken flats.

At the Sorbonne, the Americans have become fellow-students of the French; they feel very much at home. They are hobnobbing with the other students, compare notes with them and water under the wine in little cafes in the Latin Quarter with them.

Many men who came to the Sorbonne did not know enough French to follow the lecture courses. But they have been and are taking instruction in the language at the Alliance Française. Syllabi in English of the different courses have been prepared and also quizzes in English are given. French after each two hours of work in the closed courses, the courses open only to matriculated students.

Some among the A.E.F. now at the Sorbonne were planning to study there when the war intervened and now they are getting the chance, which seemed to have been lost to them. Men like these and others who wish to continue their studies in France, will be permitted to demobilize on this side and go on with their work.

Our A.E.F. Contemporaries

A Holland bridge is a contrivance always open when you have no occasion to go across and always closed when it is imperative that you get to the other side. They extend over canals and look much better on picture postcards than in actuality. The bridge is in charge of attendants who get paid to draw away the bridge whenever an American vehicle is about to cross.

The sidewalks on the bridge are ornaments; pedestrians crossing are evidently "verboten" to use the sidewalks, and obey the law to the letter.

We should be glad we have no such bridges in American cities. They could only serve one good purpose there. If you should come home late to dinner and find the table set, you could always fall back on the old standby and tell wifey the bridge was up and you couldn't get across. —Windmill (Antwerp-Rotterdam Base).

In what season of the year will we leave for home? Aw, spring it!—Cro (Central Records Office).

Private 1st Class Nelson returned today from his three-day tour in Paris. He is looking very busy and reports a splendid time while in that wonderful town. He also stated that Morris, Ill., has nothing on Paris for entertainment.—Barrage (18th Field Artillery).

Negro Drill Sergeant: "Tanshun, right dress! Say you nigger in left center, pull in dat lip a trifle—dat's all! Front! I want to hear dose eyelids snap.—Cootie (9th Inf.).

"The Soldier's Friend," Chicago Examiner, reports the "148th Field Artillery, at St. Algan, ordered home in March." The year is not specified.—Long Range Sniper (66th Field Artillery Brigade).

And then among the most interesting exhibits is the man who paid a nice little pile of francs for a helmet of the War of 1870 and bought a perfectly serviceable headgear from the Beaux Arts Fire Department.—11th Regiment Bulletin Students, University of Beaux Arts.

GENERAL ORDEHS

1. To get my discharge, take all Government property in view and beat it for home.
2. To accept my discharge in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing that it will not be revoked before I get out of sight and hearing.
3. To take the quickest train and not stop at any military post on my way home.
4. To repeat all rumors from billets more distant from headquarters than my own.
5. To receive, believe and pass on to my children all statements that agree with Sherman's idea of war.
6. Not to quit civilian life again after being properly discharged.
7. To talk to no one about enlisting.
8. In case of the presence of an enlistment officer, to give the alarm.
9. To allow no military person on or near my premises.
10. In all cases not covered by instructions, to claim exemption.
11. To salute all whiskey, beer and ale not cased.
12. To be especially watchful at night and allow no one to pass without buying a drink.

Silent Salvo (77th Field Artillery).

SUGGESTION FOR COLLEGE YELL

Avez-vous du tabac? Avez-vous du tabac? Donnez-moi! Donnez-moi! RENEES!

—As You Were (Students, University of Rennes).

Some of the girls at the Y didn't like our paper, just said so outright, and that made the boys' spleens, and they thought we had something "fift" in it and rushed over and brought us out of course, we didn't have a naughty word in it, but wasn't it just the de-ar-est thing of them to help our sales that way?—11th Regiment Bulletin (Students, University of Beaux Arts).

Dear Editor:—Will you kindly tell me

18,000 CIVILIANS WORKED WITH A.E.F.

Tower of Babel Crowd Had
Nothing on Labor
Bureau's Wards

When the American Army in France called for civilian workers to help win the war at so much per day, the Procurement Division of the Labor Bureau of the A.E.F. sent into most of the labor markets of the world for the needed men.

On the day the armistice was signed, 18,000 laborers, representing nearly every nationality under the sun, had been procured. They were a strange mixture of races. The languages they spoke were as many as the breeds of humans on earth. But they could and would toil for the dollars the Government of the United States was willing to pay, and so they became a militarized part of the American Army.

The Procurement Division of the Labor Bureau, headed by Lt. Col. Daniel E. Jones, is now engaged in the work of returning to the countries from which they were recruited the batches of contract workers. It is planned to disperse with dispatch Italian, Portuguese and other such laborers as soon as possible and employ French laborers almost exclusively for the work that still remains to be done.

Lt. Col. Frank E. Bates, chief of the Labor Bureau, now has approximately 7,757 civilians under contract. They hail from the ends of the earth.

The listed nationalities of the employees of the Labor Bureau give an idea of the potpourri of races that made up Uncle Sam's contract army in France. Besides several hundred men who did not know what blood runs in their veins and are classified as "mixed," the following nationalities are on the records of the Procurement Division:

American, British, French, Australian, Canadian, Polish, Montenegrin, Spanish, Belgian, North African, Greek, Algerian, Tunisian, Swiss, Russian, Danish, Portuguese, Bulgarian, Andorran, Samolian, French Colonial, Luxembourg, Argentine, Serbian, Norwegian, Moroccan, Maritain, Guinean, Dutch, Maltese, British West Indian, British Cyprian, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, Japanese, Czech-Slav, Chilean, Senegalese, Armenian, Roumanian, Italian, Guinean, Turkish, Persian, South African, Jugo-Slav, Egyptian, Peruvian, Brazilian, French, Ottoman, Tripolitan, Uruguayan, Cuban, Haitian.

Only the "Lone Knows," says Colonel Jones, "what breeds of men the 'mixed' laborers are."

Instructions for the recruitment, transportation and organization of labor for the A.E.F. were issued on April 15, 1918. The work was carried on in close co-operation with the French Government, which had a very complete organization for the hiring of contract labor. Offices were opened in Paris, Nantes, Toulouse and Lyon. Bureaus were established at Bayonne and Perpignan, and the great employment system

through your paper the latest approved method of getting out of here with a pair of Hun field glasses? Got A. Pair. We are seeking the latest approved method of getting out of here and not bothering about Hun field glasses.—(Editor). —Long Range Sniper (66th Field Artillery Brigade).

MAYBE IT KICKS

We're dumb, we admit; our brain is slow and sometimes bogs; but who we can't compare an athletic officer riding a motorcycle in spurs. —Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

MORE ON SPURS

We can figure out no reason why an M.T.C. officer should possess spurs unless it is to wear them on his elbows to keep his arms from slipping off the table at meal times.—Let's Go (Reconstruction Park 772).

One Sweetly Solemn Thought: "Major Martin's Merry Minkers" may be all right, but who we can't compare a few Tom and Jerry makers back in the States.—Steering Wheel (Headquarters, M.T.C., A.P.O. 717).

AFTER WORDSWORTH

Off when on my cot I lie
In a rant or in a pensive mood,
The coolies start to work and I
Long for the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with anger fills,
And I dance just like the daffodils.
—Arrow Head (35th Division).

Weather Forecast: Aquatic.—Pontaneux Duckboard (Camp Pontaneux, Brest).

Spring is here all right.
"Cause all the French girls are wearin' their straw hats an' their flimsy shirt-waists!"

An' yesterday a guy paid us five francs that we never expected to see again.
An' a bunch of the fellows 'a' got sore at a drink, but we were all so surprised that he got out 'fore we could say "cognac."

An' all the French girls are wearin' their straw hats and their—Oh, yes, we said that once.

Well, there's a busted window, what ain't paid for yet, in back of the ball field. An' a bunch of the fellows 'a' got sore at a drink, but we were all so surprised that he got out 'fore we could say "cognac."

An' the sun's out a lot more, an' everybody's smilin' even though mail is few. An' snorin' in some o' the classes is lower'n ever.

An' all the French girls are wearin'—Well, you got us!

Spring is here, an' that's all there is to it.—Lorraine Cross (Students, University of Nancy).

Private X says that, roughly speaking, one soldier out of a hundred is in the guardhouse. Roughly speaking is what does it?—Gandy Dancer (14th Company, Transportation Corps, 14th Grand Division).

We have a lot of "w's" in our shop now. It's a great relief. "Turning 'em" up and down got our editorial goat. An' "m" is an "m." A "w" is a "w." You can't make no "w" out of no "m."—Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

Said the bold U.P. to the gullant M.P., "Just what in hell is the use of me?"

"None in the least that I can see."

Said the gullant M.P. to the bold U.P.—Soldier-Student (Students, University of Montpellier).

I hereby accept the challenge offered by Pvt. James F. Kenny to a rice-eating contest to be held at the biggest meat hall to be found in our area. I will say right here that my mouth measures 5 feet 11 inches above the jaw between both flanks.

I agree not to use anything smaller than a No. 6 scoop shovel, such as my interlocking tool, steel helmet, rubber boots, or even a derrier.

Having eaten 10% cans of French gassed mule at one meal and a carload of hardtack in a day, I feel that I am well qualified to enter the contest. I request that you give me two hours' notice, in order to pick up a good appetite. (Signed) Mech. Piddle Smith, Company B.—Cootie (9th Infantry).

of the American Army that was running smoothly when hostilities ceased began to function.

Agents of the Labor Bureau were sent into Spain, Italy, Portugal and other countries. They encountered many difficulties and in some places had to combat strong German propaganda. The story of one man's trip into the north of France makes an intensely interesting document of personal adventure, which some day may be published. How American agents counteracted the efforts of the Germans to block the procurement of labor may make good reading in the future, but it cannot be published now.

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HOSPITAL TRAINS MADE LONG TRIPS TO AID WOUNDED

No. 63 Covered 26,135 Miles,
Carrying 23,601 Patients in Year

HAD SHARE OF SHELLING

Unloading Process at Base Hospitals Difficult Until Axes and Belts Were Fired for Good

Wars mean long journeys. Witness the A.E.F. Witness the German army retreating across the Rhine. Witness, also, any United States hospital train, and for the sake of argument witness Hospital Train No. 63 in particular.

She has covered 41,837 kilometers so far, and the end is not yet. And 41,837 kilometers, according to the latest exchange tables of the Disbursing Quartermaster, means 26,135 miles. Some trip.

A hospital train, according to the A.E.F.'s own dictionary, is an equipage of 15 cars, each about 5 feet long, nine of which are ward cars with a capacity of 36 beds each; one a pharmacy car, with 12 beds for serious cases, a dispensary and an office; one a contagious ward with 24 beds; one a kitchen car with mess halls; one the personnel's own quarters, with 33 beds and lockers; a staff car for officers and nurses; attached to the train and a supply car. The total bed capacity for patients is 360.

A figure, however, generally exceeded in removing wounded from the scene of a major operation.

"Sixty-three" has a crew of three officers and 22 men, including three cooks and a train mechanic. She has made 56 trips with patients, ten in the British service. She has worked on many fronts, but in particular she has borne wounded Americans from the furnaces of Chateau-Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne to the clean, white country of the base hospitals. She has carried 23,601 patients, only two of whom died en route. That is her service record.

Some Job to Unload Them

There is a whole lot of system about loading and emptying a hospital train. It took some time to learn it. Take the occasion when "63" arrived at a certain hospital for her first visit. She was greeted by a scrupulously equipped detail of medical men—all wearing Hospital Corps belts and carrying medical axes. Now, there are various suppositions as to just what a medical axe is for, but no one had ever before presumed to employ it to get wounded out of cars, unless there had been a wreck.

The detail went to work. They got the wounded out on to the station platform, litter after litter, toiling busily until a terrible yell—a cry of outraged feelings rather than of pain—rent the gale. A bustling medical man, stooping over one litter, had inadvertently backed his axe handle into the eye of an adjacent patient's hospital.

The noise brought a medical officer to the scene.

"Take those axey axey axes and those belty belty belts to hell out of here!" he stated.

Thereafter the unloading process worked with greater smoothness. (Act, too, about plain the patients in their bunks. To put the more seriously wounded in the middle bunks in the tiers of three, so that they can be treated the more easily, is the obvious thing to do—so obvious that probably no one would think of it unless he had, at least once, actually guided a trainload of wounded across half of France.

"Sixty-three" has figured in only one serious accident. On December 29, 1917, near Sauron, she rode into an open switch and crashed into two American locomotives, causing siding telescoping the leading car and killing two members of the French train crew. No patient or member of the American personnel was injured.

Valentine's Valspar has been "doing its bit" in the aviation service of the Allies ever since the war started. It is accepted as the standard varnish for airplanes and seaplanes, as well as for all other varnish purposes.

LONGEST, SHORTEST, OTHER — ESTS OF ARMY

The 108th Ammunition Train claims to have deposited more money with the Q.M. to the man than any other outfit in the A.E.F. The average deposit per man in the regiment is \$35.82, and the entire deposits of the regiment amount to \$42,129.31. The men of K Company, 66th Pioneer Infantry, are also out for a similar race. They have sent home \$4,000, which shows each member saved an average of nearly half his month's pay.

Frederick Bradford Smith, 3rd, submits his claim (by proxy) to being the oldest child born to a member of the A.E.F. He was born to Lieut. Frederick and Mary Baldwin Smith November 27, 1918.

Buck Pvt. N. J. Franke, Company D, 302nd Water Tank Train, claims to be the champion sleeper of the A.E.F. His present record is 24 hours and 15 minutes with nothing off but his hat. He challenges anybody to a contest, regardless of conditions, time or place.

Cpl. Anthony Brosinsky, Company 11, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, claims the record of having the most back pay coming to him of any man in the A.E.F. He hasn't been paid since November, 1917, and, according to his service record, which has passed through the hands of several errand company clerks and top sergeants, he owes the Government \$17.

Cpl. Jay S. Nushbaum, Headquarters Company, 315th Infantry, holds a record that is hard to beat. He was inducted into the military service on May 18, 1918, arrived at Camp Lee, Va., on the afternoon of May 19, left for port of embarkation on May 20, and sailed on May 22. The time also through the hands of several errand company clerks and top sergeants, he owes the Government \$17.

Pvt. G. J. W. 327th Supply Company, demands a head-of-neglected fountain pen for having written the most letters of any man in the A.E.F. From the day he entered camp last April he has written two letters every day, one to his mother and one to his sweetheart. Postcards and letters to friends, he boasts, brings his record up to a three-per-day average.

That he is the only barber in the Army, American or any other kind, who gave the boys hot towels, massages, toilet water, shampoo and tonic on the front lines under fire is the claim of Raymond T. Binkley, Headquarters Company, 102nd Field Artillery.

Chaplain Harry F. MacLennan is touted by his outfit as the oldest soldier in the A.E.F. He enlisted in 1873 and has not been off duty since he entered the war. He is 62 years and six months old.

Fifty-five West Pointers in one company is the boast of the 527th Engineers. The company of Company D shows 47 from West Point, Georgia; 13 from West Point, Alabama, and 15 from West Point, Mississippi.

The chew-lime speed record is claimed by General Mess Hall No. 2, Reserve Camp Montoir. The total personnel working in two shifts, day and night, is 219 men, feeding an average of 3,500 per month. The time consumed in serving 3,264 men from the time they first reached the serving table until the last was served was 25½ minutes.

The 34th Ammunition Train, 7th Division, claims the oldest man enlisted from civil life. He enlisted December, 1917, for the period of the war at 44 years of age.

Jerry Martin, of the 82nd Division show, claims to have the only circus act in the A.E.F. wherein he doesn't use any props of any kind, and the entire circus is himself and dog. He accepts Pvt. Elmer Satterly's challenge and will perform against him at any place agreeable to the latter.

Wagoner Champ E. Martin, Supply Company, 28th Infantry, claims to be the tallest man in the A.E.F. He is 6 feet 8½ inches tall and has been able to get but one uniform issued to him since he enlisted. Otherwise, his uniforms have been made to order.

Company L, 26th Infantry, claims the ranking K.P. of the A.E.F. On March 4, 1919, the burghmaster of the German town which is Company L's headquarters failed to carry out orders and was assigned to

to him at Camp Sherman, Ohio, last July and worn every day since, through Scotland, England and France, is the claim for a record of Pvt. L. B. Christman, Company C, 6th Field Signal Battalion, 2nd Division. The shoes have never been half-soled or re-soled, but have stayed fit while one pair of leather and four pairs of cotton shoestrings were worn out.

His overseas cap covers a 7½ head and he wears 13EE shoes. That's Pvt. Arthur B. Farrar, Battery A, 101st Field Artillery.

Pvt. A. E. Scerth, now on duty with the Senior Chaplain's Office at Le Mans, has been in France one year during which time he has never received pay from the U. S. Army and has only received one letter.

The 88th Division has issued an open deft to any other division in the A.E.F. to produce more experts than the 88th. The division index of occupation—in which the men are experts—was compiled and it was found that of the 106 groups contained in the regulation Army index, the Clover Leaf has one or more experts in every branch and every sub-branch with but seven exceptions. If the division had a balloonist, dog trainer, brush maker, employment manager, hydraulic press operator, heating and ventilating engineer and psychologist, its percentage would be 100.

To make up for this deficiency, the personnel office had to add 14 groups to the Army index. They are lacemaker, oyster broker, refiner, rectifier, coffee blender, wrestler, pugilist, student, papermaker, cigar maker, florist, bartender, silk weaver and ball player.

Thus the division has really 113 main groups in which men are experts. Can any other division beat this record?

Private Truman, of the 33rd Artillery Brigade, challenges any one to produce a larger building in the A.E.F. than the De-Lousing Factory at Genicourt. "It was," he says, "175 feet wide and 2,556 feet 4½ inches long." Further statistics proffered deal with the 60 carloads it took to keep the bath water hot and the 100 barrels of soft soap consumed each day in the bath.

First Rhine Doughboy: Why is that observation balloon always up in the air above Ehrenbreitstein?

Second Ditto: Looking for the relief for the Third Army's 1st pose.

Company L's kitchen for a few days. Company L's cooks and K.P.'s broke him in.

Pvt. W. Engel, Company I, 125th Infantry, has a letter which he claims is a record. It has been across the ocean twice, has been in six different hospitals, three classification camps, four companies, is entitled to one wound stripe (wounded in right-hand corner), and one service stripe.

A pair of Army hob-nailed shoes, issued

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The First Battalion of the 356th Infantry claims the original Mutt and Jeff of the Army. They challenge anybody to produce anything like them. The big boy is Stanley Rucker

—By WALLGREN



GERMAN PRISONERS
BRINGING LIFE TO
WAR TORN REGIONS
Searching French Fields for
Duds They Fired
Months Ago
REFUGEES ARE BACK HOME

Cellars and Temporary Shacks as
Living Quarters Till Houses
Are Rebuilt

"First in war, first in peace" is an applicable motto to the Germans, although in a different sense, as to the first commander-in-chief of an American Army. And today thousands of their former warriors are pioneering in the work of converting the devastated battle areas from the North Sea to the Swiss border into a semblance of the peaceful aspect they presented in 1911.

So rapidly are man and nature effacing the signs of conflict that before the bars are lifted for the tourists of the world, the lines of the Western front in their entirety will remain only in the memories of those who participated in the big show. There will remain scars here and there, marked by monuments, and untouched ruins already designated as monuments of the war. But it will be possible to trace the lines as they stood at certain dates only on the map.

Wire and Trenches Go
Thousands of German prisoners of war, working under the direction of their American, French or English captors, have been at work since the signing of the armistice clearing up the ruins and wiping out the old defensive works. The roads are the first to receive their attention. The result is a veritable boulevard for hundreds of kilometers through the heart of what was once the Western front.

Hundreds of miles of trenches have been filled in by the Germans and thousands of miles of barbed wire entanglements have been removed. The farmers are adding here and there to expedite the work and prepare the land for the plow. In many places grain is growing on the fields which were within the lines less than six months ago. Among the main factors with which the peasants have to contend upon returning to till their soil are the dud shells and unexploded grenades which sometimes render the services of the farmers take matters into their own hands and start playing or spading. Occasionally the result is disastrous.

Near Vieux-Artois, where the Comité Américain des Régions Dévastées has its headquarters, death and serious injury have resulted from the work of the soldiers. One old man, but just returned from captivity in Germany, began spading his little plot of ground where his home once stood. He struck an unexploded "potato masher" and was killed.

The soldiers of this committee have been called on several similar cases. Cases have been reported where both farmer and horse have been killed by striking duds with a plow.

Made Homes in Ruins
Returning refugees are burrowing into the piles of ruins marking their former homes and settling up housekeeping again. Sometimes the cellar is cleaned out and converted into living quarters. If the walls of one room are partially intact, the family moves in, after a few tons of brick and debris have been tossed to one side.

When boards are obtainable a little spot is cleared and a one or two-room shanty erected for temporary shelter, pending the day when a better home can be built. Restaurants and cafes are scattered through the ruins. The signs are sometimes all that the proprietors advanced from the ruins of their former businesses. Passing refugees and soldiers stationed in or adjacent to the ruined villages are the customers.

It will require years to rebuild the greater part of the villages and cities which have been leveled. Work of sorting out the salvagable brick and stone and carting away the fragments is being pushed, however. In Reims, where 17,000 buildings were destroyed by the German artillery, contractors are on the ground arranging for reconstruction work. Some of the wealthier citizens are said to have already let contracts, but the smaller property holders are awaiting the action of the Government in regard to financial aid.

Lens and Ypres also offer serious problems. The former was leveled by artillery, and later trenches and wire were built through the ruins. Here and there one sees a grave several feet above street level in the ruins of a house.

Monuments Spring Up

British detachments stationed in the vicinity of Vimy Ridge have erected several monuments to the memory of Canadian and Australian troops who fell there. Crews working under the direction of a burial officer are gathering the bodies from the spots where they were hastily buried on the battle fields and in cemeteries that now dot the ridge and plain. All material of salubrious nature has been gathered and arranged in neat piles, wire is being removed, and the elements have prevented the hand of man in commencing to efface the trench systems.

DON'TS FOR OFFICERS

Emergency officers who want to know just how they stand with the Army are given a line in a bulletin issued by the Secretary of War.
Reviewing the fact that emergency officers were classified at the beginning of demobilization according to their desires and suitability for future service, the bulletin indicates clearly that those who have expressed a wish to remain in service must expect a doubtful present status until legislation is passed providing for a permanent establishment. These officers will be the last discharged.
Then follows the list of Don'ts:
Don't have letters forwarded to the War Department respecting your fitness unless such letters are of real value in determining that fitness.
Don't expect an appointment in the permanent establishment just because you are in Class 3.
Don't expect immediate promotion, as it is not known what the present method of commissioning will be continued.
Don't expect to remain in Class 3, for some one will have to be discharged if there is a surplus in the establishment provided.
Due to this uncertainty as to future legislation, no maximum age limit has been set for applicants for appointment in the permanent establishment, and this appointment again is subject to their eligibility under such legislation as may be enacted.

MESSKIT MAXIMS

One advantage of being a brigadier general is that you don't have to register with the A.E.N. Another advantage is your pay. But who in the world will shoot craps with you!
Things we hear of but never see:
A satisfied private.
A mess sergeant with a friend.
A soldier retelling on his income.
A general attempting to compliment a soldier on his military bearing.
Spinal puttees that will not come down.
A worse war than this one.

GREEN DIVISIONS PROVED THEIR METTLE IN THE SECOND ARMY'S DRIVE

Continued from Page 1

Second American Army would carry its attack northward toward Conflans; the Tenth French Army would move north and east toward the Saar and the Moselle. Both would avoid direct attack upon Metz, which would be isolated and encircled between them. As regards the remainder of the German line in Alsace between the right of the Tenth Army and the Swiss frontier, that would similarly have to fall back, the Rhine because of being outflanked.

German Divisions Outnumbered

Such was the broad general idea of an operation, or series of operations, which, had the war continued, would undoubtedly have achieved full success before the setting in of hard winter weather. That it would have achieved success is sufficiently evident from the general situation at the close of hostilities. On November 16 the Germans had on their whole front from the vicinity of Fribourg to the Swiss border about 25 divisions, of which two only were in reserve and the balance in line. These divisions, most of them, were of inferior quality at best, and were of new in a very low state of morale and tremendously reduced in numbers. Moreover, the German high command had no troops whatever that could be spared from the other crumbling fronts with which to reinforce.

On the same front the Allies had 25 French and American divisions, of which 18 were in line and 7 in reserve. These divisions were all intrinsically of quality from fair to excellent, all were in high spirit and all were fairly well up to strength, in measure of numbers alone exceeding their opponents probably several times over. That once they were under way they would have carried everything before them there was no doubt whatever at the time of the signing of the armistice. But it is just as well to recall the blunt facts now, several months after the close of hostilities, when the Germans attempt to convey to the world the impression that when fighting ceased their armies were, in some mysterious sense, still "unbeaten." The plain truth is that on November 11 their armies were squarely in the path of an annihilating avalanche, and that it was the interposition of the armistice alone which saved them from an overthrow on the field of battle even more complete and overwhelming than that which had already overtaken the armies of her ally, Austria-Hungary.

The offensive of the Second American and the Tenth French Armies was to be inaugurated by an advance of four divisions in line and five in reserve along its front of 50 kilometers from Fribourg-en-Vosges to Port-sur-Saône. The latter place, situated about 10 kilometers east of the Moselle, the advance once started, the Tenth Army was, on November 11, to move forward its ten divisions, to be later augmented on November 16 with four divisions from Port-sur-Saône to Senones.

One important difference existed in the method of attack to be employed by the two armies. The Second American Army, in its first four divisions already in front line, whereas the Tenth French Army, under General Girard, which was already holding its front of action with six divisions. The latter would doubtless later have become available as reserves for the Tenth Army. The plans of the Tenth Army were not so complete at the time of the armistice as to make it precisely certain how many or what troops it was to employ beyond those already assembled within its zone of action, but it was understood that some seven or eight divisions and corps would be used in directly pressing its offensive, which, spreading out toward the Saar and the Rhine, would eventually have been of great magnitude.

As Front Stood November 8

Coming now specifically to the Second American Army, we find that on November 8 it was holding its front with four divisions, from right to left, the 2nd, 7th, 28th and 33rd. Between the left flank of the 33rd, at Fribourg, and the right of the 28th U.S. Division, which was on the offensive near Neumunster, lay the 2nd Colonial Corps (French), the right corps of the First American Army, having in line the 81st, 82nd and 83rd U.S. Divisions, and the 10th French Colonial Division, which was in liaison with the 26th U.S. On the right of the Second American Army, the 32nd Division was in liaison at Port-sur-Saône with the 16th Division (French), of the Eighth Army.

In support or moving into support, the Second American Army had the 8th, 4th, 25th and 32nd American and the 26th French divisions, besides the 85th Division, which could not be counted specifically as a reserve division because it was the replacement division for the Army. Three corps, the Fourth and Sixth U.S. and the Seventeenth French, were functioning under the Second Army, and though they would later have had more divisions under them, at the beginning of the operations the Sixth Corps had the 92nd and the 7th Divisions, while the Fourth Corps had only the 28th Division and the Seventeenth Corps only the 2nd Division.

Of the front line divisions, the 92nd held from Port-sur-Saône to a point south of Preney, about four kilometers west of the Moselle; the 7th from Preney to the east bank of the Rupt de Mad; the 28th from the Rupt de Mad across Lachausse Lake to about La Selgnyville brook, a short distance north of Hattviller-Château, and the 32nd from this brook to Fribourg. The greater part of this front, from the Moselle to Fribourg, was therefore that which had been occupied about September 15 after the defeat of the enemy from the St. Mihiel salient.

All Ready for Enemy Withdrawal

On November 1 Field Order No. 13 of the Second Army was issued as a standing order, to be put into execution in case of enemy withdrawal. With sufficient detail to cover the functioning of all services of the Army, it set forth the objectives of an advance and the means to be employed in attaining them. It stated that in that case the enemy would probably pivot upon Metz, holding the outer defenses, 10 or 15 kilometers from the center of the city, on the general line Amanviller-Ancy-sur-Moselle-Verny, and that the right corps of the First American Army would advance in the direction of Etain. It directed that the Seventeenth French (that is, the 33rd Division), should advance toward Conflans; the Fourth Corps (that is, the 28th and 7th Divisions), toward Vionville and the Sixth Corps (that is, the 92nd Division), should stand fast, but maintain close contact with the enemy by means of strong reconnaissances.

An Field Order No. 13 was to become operative only in case of enemy withdrawal, naturally no "D" day could be specified. But on November 4 a commander-in-chief received from Marshal Foch directing that, in view of the withdrawal of the Austrian divisions from the enemy's front, consequent upon the signing of the armistice with Austria, the vigorous local operations should be begun along the front of the Second American Army to discover the enemy's intentions and the dispositions which he was making.
The Austrian armistice had, in fact, resulted in the withdrawal of the 1st and the CVIII Austrian Divisions from the front of the First American Army north of Verdun and of the XXXVth Austrian Division from the front of the Second American Army, opposite the 33rd Division. It may be imagined that the retirement of these allies did not exert an encouraging effect upon the adjacent German troops, who thus tangibly had notice served upon them that henceforth they would have to fight the war alone.
The instructions of the supreme command were followed on November 5 by a detailed order from the Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, in the communication from the latter it was stated that the First and Second American Armies would at once prepare to undertake

operations with the ultimate purpose of destroying the enemy's organizations and driving him beyond the existing frontiers in the region of Briey and Lunéville. Preliminary to beginning this offensive, it was stated that the First American Army would complete the occupation of the region between the Moselle and the Bar and the ejection of the enemy from the heights of the Forêt de Woivre, and that it would then conduct operations to drive him beyond the rivers Thieule and Chiers. The latter operation was to be begun at once by the establishment of a footing on the east bank of the Moselle in the region of Stenay and Mouzon.

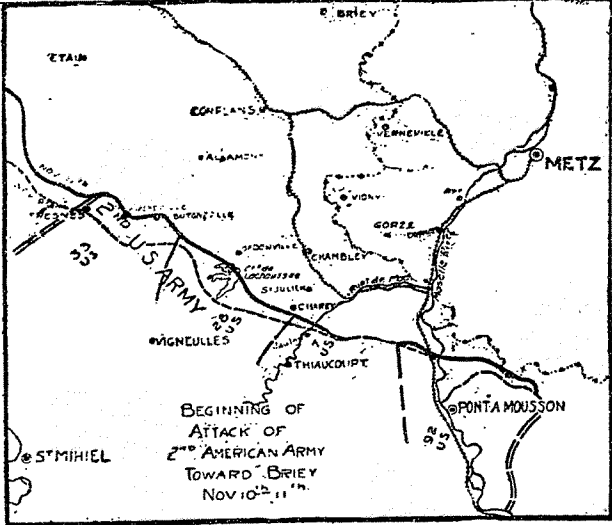
Eyes Fixed on Briey

As has been seen already, all of the above objects up to the crossing of the Thieule had been successfully accomplished by November 11. On its part, the Second American Army was directed to conduct raids and local operations, advance its line

delivered on the morning of the 16th, with, moreover, a considerably greater front and the employment of larger forces than at first contemplated.

At this time the enemy's order of battle (opposite the Second Army was, from north to southeast: IIIrd Bavarian, XIIIth Landwehr, XXIVth, LXVth Reserve, VII Landwehr, CCXXIVth and VIIIth Landwehr Divisions of General von Fuch's Army Detachment "C" of the Army Group of General von Gallwitz, and the CCIVth Division and the XXXIst and LXXXVth Landwehr Brigades of General von Both. The XXIXth Army of the Army Group of the Duke of Wurtemberg.

THE BATTLE OF THE WOEVRE



Where New Divisions in Second American Army Were Advancing When the Armistice Halted Their Onrush

between the Moselle and Lachausse Lake toward Gorze and Chambley, and prepare plans for an attack in the direction of Briey along the axis Fribourg-Conflans-Briey.

Detailed instructions for the Second Army operations were given by command of General Bullard on November 6. The initial advance, owing to the small number of troops as yet actually on the ground, was to be confined to two brigades, one each from the 28th and the 7th Divisions, which were to move through the hills country along the Rupt de Mad in the direction of Gorze and Chambley, but with, at first, only the limited objective of the Michel position of the Hindenburg line between the 7th and eastern edge of the Bois de Grand Fontaine. Owing to the necessity of concentrating the troops and sufficient artillery to cover the attack, the drive was first set for November 11, but the continued rapid withdrawal of the enemy on other parts of the front eventually dictated an earlier execution, and the attack was

near the river, and the Bois de Volvrette and the Bois de Cheminot, further east. The enemy's resistance, at first slight, increased later in the day, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Bois de Volvrette was abandoned, but was again occupied at midnight. The attack here was repulsed at a cost of 11th against live artillery and machine gun opposition, and the 36th had advanced to the north edge of the Bois de Prehaut at 11 o'clock, when the 7th Infantry, which was in the west side of the Moselle the 36th Infantry did not carry out its projected attack because the 7th Infantry, on its left, was unable to hold the dominating heights of Preney.

Attempt of Two Companies

The 7th Division, under Maj. Gen. Edmund Wittenmeyer, stood with the 56th, 55th, 64th and 24th Infantry in line from right to left, and the 6th Field Artillery

Brigade in support. Early on the morning of the 10th, strong patrols were pushed out from the front line battalions, and a little later two companies of the 56th Infantry attacked and occupied Preney ridge. But attempts to progress from here through the enemy's heavy belts of wire were shattered by machine gun and artillery fire, and before long the two companies were forced to leave the ridge, having lost about 40 per cent of their numbers.

Further to the west, however, the division met with better success, the 34th Infantry on its left taking and holding the stone quarry near Remercourt, in the hills just west of the Rupt de Mad. From here the attacking units pushed on to the German wire at Mon Plaisir Farm, within a kilometer of Charey. In the vicinity of these places 21 prisoners were taken, but the heavy fire from the farm prevented its capture by the limited numbers engaged, either on that day or the following morning.

The 25th Division, now under command of Maj. Gen. William H. Day, astride the southeastern extremity of Lachausse Lake, on the left of the Fourth Corps, began its operations with characteristic vigor at 5:30 on the morning of the 10th by driving its right against the Hindenburg works in front of Dommartin. Though prevented by intense artillery fire from reaching the village, the Bois de Dommartin and Maribois Farm, southwest of it, were captured. At 3:30 in the afternoon, following an artillery preparation, the attack was renewed, but did not get beyond the edge of the Bois de Dommartin.

The center of the division, advancing along the southeast side of the lake, took Haumont and the railroad beyond it, advancing approximately two kilometers in the day. During the night troops were concentrated here with a view to penetrating the enemy's position next morning. They had gained another kilometer and were up to the wire in front of the Bois de Bonsel when, at 11 o'clock, fighting was suspended. West of the lake the left of the 28th, co-operating with the attack of the 33rd Division, pushed forward through the Bois de Haudrouvilles Bas and the Bois de Haravillers and took the farm of Hautes Journaux, so that on the morning of the 11th the whole of Lachausse Lake was in the possession of the Americans.

33rd's Push in Woivre Plain

As had been intended in the original army plans, the 33rd Division, of the Seventh French Corps, moving toward Conflans over the level farming lands of the Woivre plain on the marching flank of the Second Army's attack, made the most determined effort and, in consequence, underwent the most severe fighting. Already, on November 5, two companies of the 131st Infantry, on the right, raided and cleared the Bois les Hautes Epines and the Bois de Warville, and at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th this regiment, from the positions thus gained, attacked northeast toward the larger Bois d'Herville. They penetrated to its center, but were obliged to drop back to its southwestern edge by the resistance encountered. The following morning the 131st made an attack on Bit-

genville from St. Hilaire, southwest of it. This attack was held up by machine gun fire, and preparations were under way to take Bitgenville and also Jonville, further to the southeast, at 11 o'clock.

Meantime, on the left, the 130th Infantry had, on the morning of the 10th, attacked and carried all the German trenches from Saulx-en-Woivre northeast to Marcheville and had taken the latter village. Two determined German counter-attacks, however, forced them out of Marcheville to its southern edge, from which position two subsequent counter-attacks were repulsed. Before daylight next morning the 129th Infantry relieved the 130th on this part of the line.

Without artillery preparation the 3rd Battalion of the 129th and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 130th were instituting an attack in co-operation with the one on Bitgenville, while the 1st Battalion of the 130th was attacking toward Pintheville, northeast of Fresnes, at 11 o'clock. All of the points attacked and taken by the 33rd Division were in the enemy's main line of resistance and in capturing them, more than 150 prisoners were also secured.

At the hour of the armistice the advance of the Second American Army had already taken, since the previous morning, about 58 square kilometers of territory. Although the several partial attacks at that time under way had developed the fact that the enemy was holding along this front with all the strength he could command, the attacks were, nevertheless, progressing favorably. As none of even the front line American divisions were yet fully engaged and as five more divisions were already assembled or rapidly arriving in the rear areas ready to strengthen and extend the general attack along the army front, a few more days would have sufficed to shatter the enemy's limited powers of resistance. In the fighting, so far as it was carried, the Second Army suffered 1,380 casualties, of whom 614 were lost by the 33rd Division, the remainder being distributed among the 7th, 28th and 92nd Divisions, while seven officers and 178 enlisted men were captured from the enemy.

French Co-operation on Left

While the Second American Army was developing a major offensive, the Second Colonial Corps, on its left, did not by any means remain idle, but co-operated vigorously with the forward movements of the 56th and 33rd U.S. Divisions on its flanks. Between the 9th and the 11th of November, the 10th Colonial Division, joining the 56th U.S. near Bezonville and extending thence southward about seven kilometers to Elx, against vigorous opposition pushed forward from its front lines at the eastern base of the Meuse plateau an average distance of

about three kilometers, into the Woivre plain and took possession of the village of Dieppe.

The 81st U.S. Division, under command of Maj. Gen. Chas. J. Bailey, held the sector, about 13 kilometers in length, from Elx to Fresnes. With the 32nd Infantry on the left flank and the 324th on the right flank, it began operations at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 9th by advancing on both flanks after an artillery preparation, the center remaining passive. During that day the 322nd took the heavily fortified village of Moraville, while the 324th broke through the German first and second trench lines and occupied the woodlands of Les Claire Chenes and Noire Haie. Both attacks were renewed on the morning of the 10th, and at 5 a.m. the 322nd Infantry took Grimoucourt, at 11 reaching Abaucourt, on the main road and railroad between Verdun and Etain, where it was in close liaison with the 10th Colonial Division.

At 1 p.m. it began its advance on the enemy's main line of resistance, 1,300 meters east of Grimoucourt. That night the 32nd Infantry was relieved by the 221st, and the 2nd Battalion of the 324th was relieved by the 1st Battalion of the 323rd, releasing the rest of the 324th for other uses. The 321st, on the morning of the 11th, drove against the two woodlands, the Grand and Petit Cognon, south of Abaucourt and Hautecourt. It captured them and then, moving through the gap between them, the 1st Battalion went against Hautecourt, a virtual fortress encircled by trenches and wire. It was in the midst of this attack when hostilities ceased at 11.

What One Outfit Did

On the other flank the 323rd Infantry and the co-operating battalions of the 324th were similarly in action at the same hour, having advanced in spite of severe losses from machine guns and gas and high explosive shell until the 3rd Battalion of the 324th was in the Bois de Manheulles. During its two and one-half days of battle the 321st Division, which had been in France less than three months and had never before engaged in an offensive, had advanced from two to five and one-half kilometers on its whole long front, and released the villages of Manheulles, Blanzec, Moraville, Grimoucourt and Abaucourt, taken nearly 100 prisoners and lost 46 officers and 936 enlisted men in casualties. Indeed, in their brief operations the 81st and the 7th and 92nd Divisions of the Second Army, which were practically as new to offensive employment, vied with the more experienced divisions in courage and tenacity and proved that they could have borne their full share of any work that might have been laid upon them had the war continued.

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